IT HAPPENED A FEW WEEKS AGO ABOUT A BLOCK AWAY. THE NEWS SAID THAT VENOM WAS A VILLAIN, THAT HE CAUSED THE EXPLOSION OF THE TANKER TRUCK...
THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED AT ALL. HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO SAVE US! THREW HIMSELF INTO THE EXPLOSION TO SHIELD US FROM THE BLAST.
EVERYONE SCATTERED, SO THEY DIDN'T SEE THE ALIEN STUFF THAT WAS VENOM'S COSTUME WAS LEFT NEARLY DEAD. IT COULDN'T SAVE EDDIE, AND IT WAS CLEARLY CLOSE TO DEATH ITSELF.
IT WAS INSTINCT THAT I SNATCHED IT UP WITH MY BAG. I COULDN'T LET THE POOR THING JUST SIT THERE.
I PUT IT INSIDE MY LIZARDS OLD TANK, (THAT MY MOM INSISTED WE KEEP BECAUSE OF HOW EXPENSIVE IT WAS TO BUY IN THE FIRST PLACE).
IT SAT THERE PRETTY DOCILE FOR A FEW DAYS, AND THEN MYSTERIOUSLY ONE DAY AFTER SCHOOL IT WAS GONE.

I FOUND I COULDN'T STOP DREAMING ABOUT THE ALIEN...
IT HAD BEEN NEARLY 3 DAYS SINCE IT VANISHED FROM MY ROOM. I WONDERED IF IT WAS OK? WAS I WRONG TO HAVE TRIED TO HELP IT IN THE FIRST PLACE?
THE ANSWERS TO MY QUESTIONS WEREN'T GOING TO BE EASY TO FIND WITH SOMETHING AS ENIGMATIC AS THE SYMBIOTE BEING THE SUBJECT.
I REALIZED I HAD TO MOVE ON, CHALK THE SITUATION UP TO A BABY BIRD LEAVING THE NEST ONCE IT'S WING HEALED. OR... SO I THOUGHT...
THERE IT WAS IN THE WINDOW, ITS LARGE WHITE EYES GLARING AT ME. I WAS FROZEN, UNSURE OF WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT.
I GATHERED COURAGE AS I KNEW IT WASN'T THERE TO HURT ME AND OPENED THE WINDOW. IT OOZED INSIDE, IT'S MATERIAL MUCH MORE VOLUMINOUS THEN THE LAST TIME I SAW IT.

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE STOOD THERE STARING AT EACH OTHER. IT FELT LIKE FOREVER. I DO KNOW I WAS THE ONE THAT MADE THE FIRST MOVE...
SOMETHING INSIDE TOLD ME TO NOT LET THE ALIEN LEAVE AGAIN, THAT I'D REGRET IT. SO, I OFFERED UP MY HAND AS A SIGN OF FRIENDSHIP. MAYBE THAT'D CONVINCE IT TO STAY...?
THE ALIEN SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THE GESTURE MEANT, AND DID WHAT CAME NATURALLY TO IT: LINKING ITSELF TO MY OUTSTRETCHED HAND AND ARM.
I IMMEDIATELY FELT A SHEER RUSH OF POWER AND ADRENALINE MIXED WITH MY TREPIDATION, AND A DEEP DOWN IN MY GUT STRANGE ALMOST PRIMAL YEARNING FOR MORE. I NEEDED TO BE WEARING IT FULLY...
I QUICKLY PUT MY OTHER HAND UP, AND IT PROCEEDED TO COVER THAT ONE WITHIN ITSELF AS WELL.
THE SYMBIOTES MATERIAL FELT AMAZING, AND IT WAS HARD FOR ME TO NOT FIND THE TRANSFORMATION ASPECT OF WHAT IT DID WITH MY HANDS INTERESTING.

I DECIDED THEN AND THERE THAT WHAT HAD HAPPENED HAD TO BE FATE. WHY FIGHT SOMETHING I WANTED? THE SUIT AND I BELONGED TOGETHER.
I COULD FEEL IT WORMING IT'S WAY THROUGH MY CLOTHING AS IT REACHED ME, IT'S GOOEY AND SLIGHTLY DAMP MATERIAL SEEKING OUT MY WARM SKIN UNDERNEATH...
I SOON FELT MORE AND MORE OF MYSELF BECOMING ENVELOPED, BECOMING CHANGED.
I WELCOMED THE CHANGE. EVER SINCE MY MOM DIED I FELT LIKE I WAS IN NEUTRAL TRYING TO GO UPHILL. THIS WAS A CHANCE TO CLEAN THE SLATE.
NOW, WITH THE ALIEN AS MY COSTUME AND ALLY, I KNEW THINGS WERE GOING TO BE BETTER.
THAT NIGHT I CEASED BEING JUST "ME", AND INSTEAD BECAME "WE". AND IT WAS WONDERFUL.

WE ARE VENOM!